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The Man Who Can

and

Other Addresses

by

GUY MORRISON WALKER

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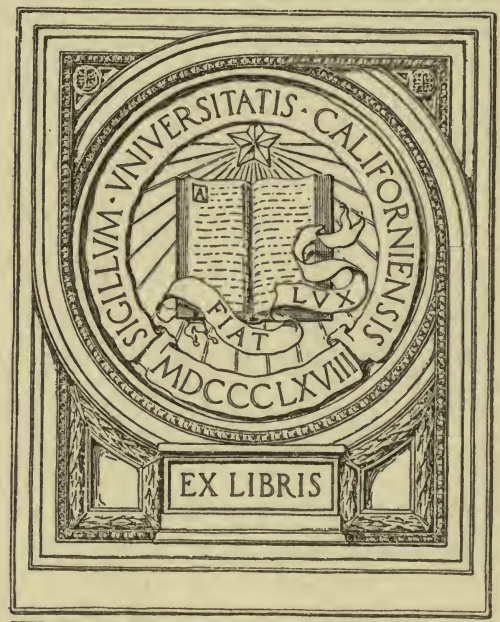
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New York

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MEDICAL

A. The Man Who Can

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"The Man Who Can"

BY

GUY MORRISON WALKER

"The Man Who Can."

A Toast Delivered by GUY MORRISON WALKER at a Dinner in Honor of Theodore P. Shonts, Hotel Astor, New York, March 23, 1907.

We are here tonight to do honor to one of the world's master workmen—to one who, after a toilsome apprenticeship in railroad service, was called upon to produce order out of chaos in Panama, and having proved there that he was a man who accomplished results, he has just been called here to solve the most intricate problem of transportation in the world.

Now the development of transportation facilities is at the very foundation of all material progress; commerce and industry wait upon them and prosperity and the increase of wealth halt and mark time when their advance ceases.

The reward of labor and the field of opportunity are dependent upon them, for in the absence of transportation facilities and in the presence of a high cost of transportation, industry languishes, labor finds little to do and wages remain low, while as transportation facil-

THE MAN WHO CAN

ities increase and transportation rates grow lower and cheaper, industry thrives, markets widen, commerce grows and wages increase by leaps and bounds.

It may, therefore, safely be said that the measure of civilization is marked by the development of transportation and that this country of ours, which has levied upon the world for our necessities: this country in which the luxuries of other climes have become commonplace: this country which has made the world's best thought its own: this country in which the science of transportation has reached its highest development, marks the highest stage yet reached in the onflowing tide of civilization.

And since transportation is the measure of civilization, and this nation of ours which has developed the science of transportation to its highest point, is the most civilized of nations; so the master of transportation, the highest type of the man-who-can, becomes in his own person the most highly developed example of civilized man, and it is such a man that we honor here tonight.

Unfortunately for the world's progress, we are passing through a period of denunciation of the man-who-can, and it has become the fash-

ion to bemoan the hardships of the man-who-can't.

Your attention hardly needs to be called to our present-day problems. The daily press is filled with accounts of labor troubles, of strikes, of frightful accidents and of daring crimes. The magazines discuss at length the burdens of capitalism, the ethics of sabotage, the evils of railroad management and the progress of government ownership, while the pulpit wrings your heart with its portrayal of the miseries of the poor and clamors for your assistance in building hospitals, rescue homes, day nurseries and model tenements.

I have for some time felt that the study of these problems has been conducted both by the pulpit and the press in much the same spirit as a friend of mine described his experience with some German doctors:

While spending a summer abroad he found himself afflicted with a troublesome pain in his side that interfered very much with his study and travel. He visited a doctor in Berlin in the hope of securing relief. The doctor examined him, thumped him, punched him, asked him innumerable questions and then told him to return the next day. Returning the next

day, he found that the doctor had called in a couple of medical friends, and the three of them repeated the process of the day before, thumping, punching and asking all manner of questions.

On the third day the process of examination was continued, until, as my friend said, the doctors knew everything there was to know about that pain, but it was still there. So hunting up an American physician, he was promptly given some remedies which caused the pain to disappear.

Now it has seemed to me that much of the study of our present-day problems has been conducted from the point of view of the German doctors—to find out everything about the pain, but to be absolutely uninterested in its cause or removal.

For instance, although police conditions in our city have been a cause for complaint for years, we have succeeded one unresponsible police commissioner with another equally unresponsible without once seeking the real source of the trouble.

How, let me ask you, dare we hold a police commissioner responsible for the control of crime in our city, when the inspectors and

police under him are banded together in a socialistic union for the purpose of holding their positions, and when they are made practically immune from discipline by law?

A coroner's jury has spent days in seeking to place the responsibility for a shocking accident, accusing first the motorman, then the roadmaster, then the division engineer, then the superintendent, then the general manager, then the vice president and finally the president and directors of a great railroad organization, whom everyone knows must have been too remote from the accident to have any personal responsibility therefor.

But, let me ask you, how can we hold the railroad managers of our country responsible when we know that they have not the power, or would not dare if they did, to discharge incompetent or disobedient employees for fear of precipitating general strikes by the unions organized to protect the careless and the incompetent?

It is no doubt unpleasant to feel that one's position is dependent on the will or judgment of another, but on the other hand, there is nothing more demoralizing than to know that one is immune from discharge, and moral degener-

ation is the sure result of safe escape from responsibility for one's acts.

The growth of modern socialistic thought and the development of socialistic organizations has gone so far that today the hardest thing to find in the world is the man who is responsible for anything.

Every investigation degenerates into a search for the man who is higher up and a warrant is finally issued for a mythical John Doe who is never identified.

The genesis of our present demoralization has been, first, the fear of the strong, next the curbing of the competent, followed by diffusion of responsibility in the mass of the mediocre, then irresponsibility and degeneracy and finally the enthronement of the mob.

No falser doctrine has even been crystallized into epigram than that which proclaims the VOICE OF THE PEOPLE TO BE THE VOICE OF GOD.

The theory of evolution, based on *the survival of the fittest,* is a mere expression that some men are able to procure a livelihood under a given state of conditions while others cannot, and that the *men who can* are the ones who survive, while those who cannot are the ones who

become extinct. And the reasons for their failure are read in the mounds and caverns littered with their bones.

Under those primitive conditions that man survived who best learned how to provide himself food, who best learned how to provide himself shelter, and the first home was established by the man who first learned how to carry back to his cave or his tree the food to which he had previously been compelled to bring his family.

When floods came or seasons changed, that man survived who had best learned how to transport himself and his family to a place of safety or to a warmer climate.

Have you ever considered the courage that was required in the first man who trusted himself to a log or a raft and attempted to float across a river? Or how far a step it is from him to the man who for the first time was able to bend the wind to his will—and having learned to sail into the teeth of the gale, dared to venture out upon unknown seas? Yet it was not until the man who could do this had arrived that our continent was discovered!

Since the world began there have been two kinds of men in it—the MAN WHO CAN

and the man who can't. The leaders of the race have always been the MEN WHO COULD! The man who could make paths through the wilderness; the man who built cities, schools and churches where forests or deserts stood before; the man who made the remotest corners of the earth accessible through bands of steel and hissing engines. And now the leaders are those who are rivalling the birds of the air and the fish under the seas, who handle the lightning with impunity and speak in voices that can be understood across continents and under the oceans.

Practically every invention and device has been the vision of a single man who has not only seen the need but the way to satisfy it. It is but simple history to say that these men who have accomplished these wonderful things from which the whole race has benefitted, have not only not had the support of their fellows but have usually been laughed at with scorn and derision, while they labored for the benefit of those who derided them. Almost every device and every invention, whether it be for multiplying comfort or saving labor or time has made its way in spite of the inertia of the great mass of the race and usually over the vigorous pro-

tests of those who were satisfied with conditions as they were.

It is amusing now to read the protests and objections that were made against the introduction of steamships; against the introduction of gas light; against the introduction of railways, where it was solemnly argued that the fumes from the locomotives would stifle and kill all the birds in the air!

Yet, regardless of all this, the men who could do these things, have dreamed and experimented and in solitude attempted to solve the problems believed by the masses to be impossible of solution. Asking nothing of their fellows but that the new inventions and devices be tested and tried while the race, looking on first with scorn and then with mild interest, has not hesitated to appropriate without a word of thanks whatever it found to its advantage to use.

The same thing is true in regard to the development of the race, intellectually and spiritually. The progress of the race toward political liberty and into spiritual freedom from the bondage of superstition, ignorance and tradition has not been through any movement of the mass, but through the medium of independent

and fearless individuals who have poured the truth into unwilling ears. It is to the MEN WHO CAN that the world owes its progress. To the men who have insisted upon thinking for themselves and living their own lives. To the men who have dared to proclaim their discoveries in science and to maintain their theories of human rights. To the men who have known their powers and have *taken* the opportunity to use them.

Socrates, whose sayings, recorded by Plato, have been treasured through the centuries as the beginning of wisdom, was condemned as a Corruptor of the Youth!

John the Baptist paid with his life for the privilege of denouncing wickedness!

The spirit of religious liberty rose with the soul of John Huss from the flames that consumed his body.

The pretenses of royalty and the doctrine of the divine right of kings were successfully maintained for centuries against every species of argument, but they have never recovered from the violence done them by a Napoleon, who from the humblest origin made himself the master of kings.

The political freedom of our country was

won not by a Jefferson who remained inactive while straining his ear to hear the people's voice, but by a *Washington,* who in the solitude of the wilderness had come to learn his own power. Confident of his own judgment, firm in his own faith, he pursued his way heedless of criticism, ignoring even the bitterest personal attacks.

And *slavery* remained intrenched until a John Brown dared to set his personal judgment against that of a whole nation.

The MAN WHO CAN is always a lonely soul, and the world has usually made him pay dearly for disturbing its ease and challenging its self-conceit. But each generation of mankind has been busy building monuments to those men whose burning words punished the ears of their forefathers.

Yes, the world owes its progress to the MAN WHO CAN, and history is made up of the record of those great souls whose vision and whose hope for their race has been limited only by the Infinite. And the higher each succeeding individual has gone along his solitary way, the higher he has dragged the race after him.

But it takes tremendous energy and tremendous force to overcome the mere inertia of the

mass of the people. Now the expenditure of great power can never be done gently. So the leaders of the race, though often kind and tender in their treatment of individuals, have seemed cold and pitiless when dealing with mankind in the mass.

Napoleon has been criticized because of the number of men sacrificed to gratify his personal ambition, and it has become the fashion to belittle his achievements because of the vast multitudes upon whom he trod in his ascent to the height to which his abilities enabled him to mount. But when we consider the myriads whose lives and treasure had been claimed by royalty as its due, the thousands sacrificed by Napoleon seem a paltry price to pay for the release of the race from the political tradition by which it was bound up to his time.

Grant was bitterly criticized for his prodigal expenditure of men to accomplish the defeat of Lee. But where, let me ask you, would our Republic have been today had Lincoln been swerved from his purpose by the protest against the slaughter of his soldiers? The fact is that great progress can be had only at tremendous cost. And the people, had they been given the opportunity to consider the price,

would have refused to pay. How much, do you think, would the surgeon accomplish if he hesitated at the thought of the pain of his mangled patient or if he trembled at the sound of a moan? The work of the world must be done in an impersonal manner, for clear vision is not had through tear-dimmed eyes, nor is sound judgment had by giving ear to the pleadings of anguish.

Do you think that when Christ laid that injunction upon his Apostles to spread the Gospel throughout the earth, that He could have been ignorant of the suffering and death in store for His followers or of the martyrdom necessary to establish His kingdom upon earth?

Such a philosophy may sound harsh and cruel and many will doubtless condemn it as un-Christian, but the answer is that there is nothing Socialistic in Christianity. On the contrary, that lonely soul who toiled up the weary slopes of Golgotha, bearing His cross alone, was the greatest individualist that ever trod this earth. I do not ask anyone to accept Him as a divinity—consider Him as a man. His life was typical in its loneliness of those great men who have shown the way.

Have you ever understood the significance

of His sojourn in the Wilderness? It is a mere figure of speech and symbolized only that aloofness during which He struggled to realize His mission. When the problem pressed, He did not seek His friends. He did not seek the advice of His brothers or His sisters—no, not even His mother. But alone, He struggled to decide within His own mind whether or not He could endure to pursue that mission to the end. Alone—in solitude, in the wilderness—He sought the answer!

And at Gethsemane, it was not among His disciples, not among those who loved Him, that He sought the answer, but again alone and apart, and the question that He asked of Himself was, Can I endure? Nor did He cease praying until the answer came—I Can!

Then see Christ at His trial. Again alone. Where are the throngs that crowded about to listen to His teachings and parables? The question hurled at Him is the one always hurled at the man who can, "Art thou He who troubleth Israel?"

Then watch Him mount Golgotha—still alone. Is there a more helpless, a more pitiful figure in the world's history than that frail

body hanging on the cross, beautiful like a crushed flower, the long curls of His hair damp with the sweat of suffering. What can He do now? To Himself He said, It is finished. He had proved the answer at Gethsemane. What can He do? He can endure! He can die! Yes, He can die without a whimper, and He did die in such a way as to command the respect even of those who mocked Him. And, lifted up, He has drawn the world unto Him.

I once heard Oscar Hammerstein describe how he came to undertake alone, without support or financial backing, the gigantic task of reviving opera in New York. It was interesting, because I have never heard another man make such a self-revelation. He told how the music of New York had become vulgar and slovenly and how his soul had cried out for such music as he felt somewhere, somehow, could be produced—*and that someone ought.* That's what we all say—someone ought to do something—to better the conditions. When it suddenly came to him that *he was the man, "I am the man to do it,"* he said to himself, and with that conviction he undertook alone and accomplished unaided those results that remain a blessed memory with those who were so fortu-

nate as to hear the music that he caused to be produced.

The need of the world today, as it has ever been, is for the MAN WHO CAN! For the man who is not afraid to take responsibility. For the man able and willing to assume Leadership. For the man who dares to do. Now the *man who can* is the one who first takes care of himself. His philosophy makes it impossible for him to remain dependent upon another. Have you ever thought what a world this would be if everyone in it was able to take care of himself, if none of the able were weighted with the care of the unable. The burden of the strong has ever been the care of the weak and the incompetent. And so the *man who can* must recognize that his ability to do for others is measured by the strength which he can acquire for himself, that he can do the most for his race by first doing the most for himself. It is therefore the duty of the MAN WHO CAN to develop himself to the highest possible degree. But how are such men to be developed? Certainly not by teaching them to follow the leadership of others. To produce character, there must be freedom of will and responsibility for one's acts. INITIATIVE will never de-

velop in those trained to servile obedience, nor COURAGE in those who are frightened by tales of bloodshed and suffering, and *the fruits of success must follow intelligent effort if ambition is to be kept alive.*

Please remember when considering the problem of labor, that primitive man did not work, and that the habit in civilized man of sustained effort has only been acquired through generations of ancestors who were driven to their task by the lash, and remember, too, that some families in our race have not yet behind them enough generations of workers to have acquired themselves the habit of work, and so the process of their education must be continued in our time.

No movement so ill-advised, so unscientific and so uneconomic has occurred in our national life as the recent socialistic onslaught upon the militant individuals of our times. A movement which has had for its purpose not the pulling of the mass on toward the standard of achievement reached by a few, but an attack on the men who can because they can for the purpose of dragging them back into the pack.

All the legislation in the world cannot relieve

us from the pinch of competition with keener wits and firmer wills.

No greater folly can be imagined than to suppose that sound conclusions can be had by the submission to popular vote of such intricate problems as the Tariff, the Currency, Ship Subsidies and the Management of Transportation.

The spectacle of a Foraker standing in the Senate fighting for good law and sound economics, *daring to be right and alone,* has in it far more of hope for the future of the race than the spectacle of a Hearst, a Bryan or a Roosevelt running with the baying pack.

The present attitude of the public mind is not a normal condition. The protest of organized incompetence and banded mediocrity will die away and the philosophy of individualism will remain triumphant. Out of the depths will rise still stronger men to drag the mass of the race onward and upward as they have been dragged in the past. And so I bespeak the RIGHT OF THE MAN WHO CAN, and claim for him the right to use not only in his own development but in the doing of his world work such instruments as he may find at hand.

For if there is a God who uses our race to accomplish His mysterious purposes, then they are the Sons of God, the nearest His image, who make the greatest and best use of the Sons of Men.

Are you looking for your work in the world? Do you seek to know your mission?

If you would find it, you must retire into your wilderness. It may be a back bedroom. You may find it even in these crowded streets if you are intellectually and spiritually alone or aloof. Or are you waiting for your friends to start something so that you can join in with them? Go! There is too much in the world that needs to be done, waiting for the man who can. Get you—each one of you—into your own wilderness and it may be that to you will come the conviction, I AM THE MAN, and that with that conviction your life work will begin. What? Do you doubt whether you can? Is the sacrifice too great? Then seek your Gethsemane! Perchance *you may* learn there not only that you are the man but that you can—YOU CAN!

The Way Our Fathers Trod

BY

GUY MORRISON WALKER

The Way Our Fathers Trod.

A Toast delivered by Guy Morrison Walker at the Banquet of the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity in Boston, April 10th, 1909.

"It was not so in the days of Moses and the Prophets," so said the old Jews to the young Jews, and from that day to this, scant attention has been paid to those who harked back to the good old days. And so tonight, if I speak of the ways in which our fathers trod, I do not ask you to agree with me, but only ask that you listen in patience and afterwards that you think.

We are passing through a period of great unrest. Our social, our religious, and even our political organizations are drifting far from their old anchorages. A great political organization, claiming descent from Jefferson, has made a party shiboleth of a doctrine diametrically opposed to everything that Jefferson taught. A Roosevelt has seized the control of the party of conservatism, and made it the in-

strument of the wildest attack on our judicial system and on the recognized rights of property, that our country has yet seen. These are the days of the iconoclasts, and few are the ideals that they have not tried to overthrow, nor indeed are their attacks on the ancient landmarks to be wondered at, for have they not had high example? The question—"What is the Constitution between Friends?" has been answered by the Chief Executive of this Nation, who has sworn to preserve it and observe its conditions, to be nothing.

With this spirit abroad, it would have been strange indeed if our organization had escaped the infection, and unfortunately it has not. Our Constitution has been changed from a simple declaration of principles to a voluminous treatise attempting to anticipate and prescribe in advance, rules to cover any and all possible conduct of undergraduates or alumni. Examinations as inquisitorial and reports as exhaustive and voluminous as those asked of the railroad corporations by the Interstate Commerce Commission, are required of undergraduate officers, who ought to spend their time conjugating Latin verbs and getting acquainted with their logarithm tables. They are required to keep

more and more books, more and more blanks are sent to them to fill out, until our poor undergraduates are involved in a mass of red-tape that makes their fraternity association burdensome, and that causes alumni associations to fall apart and disorganize rather than to bother with the nuisances. Fraternity taxes have been increased, salaries voted to offices in which our fathers served as a labor of love, and then these salaries have been increased to use up the surplus created by increased taxes. New offices have been created and junketing trips indulged in until it is not hard to see where it will all end unless something is done to arrest the movement. Nor have we escaped having officers who have prostituted their places to promote their personal fame, or who have ignored constitutional provisions to reward personal favorites and to gratify personal spites.

Our country has grown and our organization has grown with it, and no one would claim that the machinery of those early days would be adequate to handle the organizations of this time, nor can any exception be taken to necessary constitutional revisions that respect the principles of the organization and the purposes of those who founded it. But there are still

some of us who recognize the incongruity of using a church organization to promote prize fights, or a Young Women's Christian Association as an instrument to distribute erotic literature, and so we protest against those changes which, pretending to be a revision, are in fact a transformation of the very character of the organization. We object to having a thing of the soul reduced to the level of a society paying out sick benefits in return for premiums. We cannot see how the best instincts of the heart are to be encouraged by a club whose chief service is to furnish its members a place where they can buy their drinks on credit. Yet how can you wonder at the waning efficiency and the lack of results, when it is plain that the elaborate machine that has been built up is absorbing all of the energy? How can you complain of loss of spirit and enthusiasm when you deny to sentiment the occasion and means of expression?

A college fraternity is a thing of sentiment, and everything that will cultivate or heighten the sentiment about it should be encouraged. The most natural way of expressing sentiment in connection with such an organization has been through the varied use of fraternity em-

blems, but the time honored custom of giving your badge to be worn by the girl you expect to marry has been forbidden to gratify the grudge of a man disappointed in love, who being unable to get a woman to wear his emblem, has sworn a vow to permit no woman to wear a similar one.

It is this spirit, denouncing and making illegal every time-honored custom of the past, that is strangling the spirit of fraternity! That spirit which has made the fraternity so much to those of us who in our moments of exaltation have seen the influence of its flaming altar on the hearts of those gathered about it. But the ashes of decaying hearts have dampened the flame on its altars, and they must be brushed aside, and the old spirit fanned again into flames to quicken the pulse of the pulseless, to revive the sense of the senseless, and to put soul into the soulless!

It is for this reason that I ask you tonight to turn back to the old Phi Psi way—the way in which our fathers trod! Do you remember how the Phi Kappa Psi Fraternity came into existence? How a little over fifty years ago, two college students in a little town in the hills of Western Pennsylvania were nursing and

watching their stricken fellow-students while an epidemic of typhoid fever raged through the college. During the long night vigils, a new light dawned on their spiritual vision, its rays shone deep into their souls, and the great joy of serving others came into their lives.

I remember hearing once, a Phi Psi, who had joined many organizations, making the statement that all the other organizations that he had joined had been organized or formed to teach some particular principle or to inculcate some especial doctrine, but that Phi Kappa Psi alone was the expression of a principle already known and understood. He was right, for Phi Kappa Psi is the expression of a principle, or rather Phi Kappa Psi is the expression of a spirit, and that spirit is the spirit of service!

When you remember the conditions under which the fraternity sprang into life, the spirit of loving service which moved our founders as they moved among and administered to their sick and dying fellow-students, you can understand the meaning of that fine old ritual of ours, with its references to sickness and disease, and our mission of service, of death clad in Gorgon horrors, and the closing of the eyes as the pure spirit winged its Heavenward flight.

But as a generation has arisen in this country that knows nothing of the purposes of the founders of our Nation, so there is a generation in our fraternity that knows nothing of the origin of Phi Kappa Psi or of the principles that moved its founders. They have repudiated its spirit of service—on their unsympathetic ears that beautiful ritual fell without meaning—they declared it to be sophomoric, and so they revised it and cut out of it everything that would remind one of hearts aching for the loss of friends, or of souls striving to bridge the gap between those who remained and those who had gone before, everything that would suggest to anxious minds the duty and joy of service. The heart of Phi Kappa Psi was cut out by those who never knew its meaning! It is against such revisions as this that I protest—revisions that rob the fraternity of the spirit that created it, that rob it of the soul that has kept it alive, revisions that leave it little excuse for existence and small claim on the interest or love of those whose allegiance it now invites, and this is why I call you back to the old Phi Psi way, the way our founders and our fathers trod!

The way of Letterman, who spent his life in service, who followed the Armies both of the North and of the South, ministering to the wounded and the sick and burying the dead. Back to the way of Moore, who spent his life in service, dealing justice between his fellowmen and giving freely of his counsel, sane and fair. The way of Tom Campbell, ministering to sick souls and reviving courage in the disheartened. To the way of Sam Nichols, called the Bishop of St. Louis, beloved by his whole city, among whom he has ministered for forty years. It was he who wrote that old ritual discarded by these modern iconoclasts as sophomoric! And he has proven his belief in its truth by a life time spent in following its precepts.

The Chinese have in their ideographic language, some beautiful and most expressive symbols. The symbol of the human heart is the lotus bud, which so much resembles it in size and shape and color, and drawing a bar across the ideograph of the lotus bud, which stands for the human heart, creates a new meaning—a meaning interpreted by the word MUST or NECESSITY, meaning that something

weighs on the heart so heavily as to force or drive the person under that weight to action.

Those old founders of Phi Kappa Psi had the bar across their hearts, and they were driven by their knowledge of suffering and unhappiness and ignorance to serve their fellowmen.

There is another thing about the way our fathers trod that will probably surprise most of you. We call our organization a college fraternity, but many of our early members were not only not in college, but were not college men at all. Desiring to know something of the men who founded our fraternity, I took a copy of the earliest catalog and went with it to spend an evening at the home of S. T. D. Dodd, and going over the names one by one I found that one was a druggist in the town—a splendid fellow, Dodd said, who had been of great help to Letterman and Moore during the epidemic, so he was taken in. Another was a Doctor—a rare soul, Dodd called him—one who had helped serve, so we took him in. Still another was a Doctor from a neighboring town, twelve miles away, who came over to help, and so our fathers took him into their circle.

Phi Kappa Psi in its founding was not a thing of college but a thing of life! A frater-

nity founded to supplement the work of the college and the university by cultivating those humanities without which the educated man would fail of his greatest usefulness.

Our founders are dead, and the modern generation, repudiating the obligation of service, has stricken from the Constitution the things of the heart and from the ritual those things that move souls, but there are still alive some who serve in the old way.

The spectacle of a Foraker standing in the Senate of the United States, fighting for good law and sound economics, trying to save our people from their own hysteria, daring to be right and alone, though he knew it meant his own political destruction, has in it far more of hope for the future of the race than the spectacle of a Hearst, a Bryan, or a Roosevelt running with the baying pack! Who else, but one who truly knew the spirit of service and who had the bar across his heart, would have demanded and secured justice for the negro soldiers at Brownsville, when the President, with the approval of the whole country, had sealed the judgment of their disgrace? One of our New York papers speaking of this said: "There would have been no justice for the dis-

charged soldiers, if Mr. Foraker had not taken up their cause in the face of odds that made it appear the forlornest of hopes. *He stood alone,* confronted by a hostile majority and with nothing to sustain him but the consciousness that a great wrong had been done. In the history of our government and in the annals of jurisprudence there has never been such an example of high courage and masterful intelligence in the defense of the victims of arbitrary power."

Yes, thank God, there are still some whose minds cannot be clouded by sophistry and untruth, some whose ethical sense is so developed that they cannot compromise with injustice, some across whose hearts is laid the bar of service, and they must serve though they serve alone!

This, my brothers, is the true Phi Psi way! The way in which our fathers trod!

It is the way in which my father trod, and the spirit of service has led him across the ocean to spend his life as a Missionary in China, carrying the flame from the altar of service to that far foreign land.

It is the way in which I must walk, though I struggle with difficulty to put my feet in the

footprints of the fathers who have trod it before me.

I remember as a young man, when I had just started in life, that older men constantly advised me to compromise, but the only mistakes in my life that I recall with regret are the times that I permitted myself to be moved by the peace-makers. I know now that there can be no compromise with the untrue.

The day of whispering is past. You have no right to say a thing at all if you are afraid to say it out loud, but if a thing is true, say it out loud and stick to it.

You must see the results of wandering from the way, you must know what life means. And so tonight I call on you to repudiate those who have repudiated the spirit of service! I call on you to disown those who would live for selfish personal satisfaction, and who deny responsibility for the help that they can and ought to give to others. The cultivated mind, the strong heart, the exultant soul, demand activity. Phi Kappa Psi believes that they should be used for the benefit of our fellowmen, and she seeks to develop among her members a purpose so to use theirs.

As we tonight gather about the Altar of Phi Kappa Psi, let us remember the way our fathers trod. May our minds be clear to know the right. May the burden of necessity be laid upon our hearts and move us to service. May our souls be lifted up by the exaltation of that MUST which seeks active experience in life. For listen to the mystery of mysteries—who so seeketh his life (in selfishness and in greed) shall lose it, but whosoloseth his life (that is who spends it in service) the same shall find it!

This is the way our fathers trod! The path of service is the way of Life.

Extemporaneous Remarks On Education

BY

GUY MORRISON WALKER

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ALUMNI DAY—DEPAUW UNIVERSITY

June, 1916

I just came in, and have been so busy greeting my old college mates that I paid no attention to Dr. Gobin's introductory remarks, except to wonder, once or twice, who it could possibly be that he was taking so long to introduce. I did not hear what the Doctor said, and so am at a loss to know how to respond. But there is probably no alumnus of DePauw who is so truly the child of this College and the heir of its traditions as myself.

My great-grandfather, Daniel DeMotte, was here or hereabouts when old Indiana Asbury was born. He was an associate of Simpson's in the founding of Methodism in Indiana, and served the University for years as its financial secretary. The first room outside the West Door of the Hall is named after

him—DeMotte Hall—and in it hangs a photograph of him taken shortly before his death in 1875.

To this College there came in 1844 Abisha L. Morrison, and after two years in the college, the Mexican War breaking out, he organized a company of students, was elected its captain, and marched from here south through the State to the Ohio River, where, at Evansville, he and his company took boats for New Orleans, and from thence sailed across the Gulf of Mexico to Vera Cruz. Having taken part in the campaign that captured Mexico City and ended the war, he returned here to Greencastle, not to re-enter college, but to marry Amanda, the daughter of old Daniel DeMotte, whom he had met and loved when a student in the University before he went to the war. His life, except for a brief period in the Civil War as colonel of an Indiana regiment, was spent here in Greencastle, and he sleeps out on the slopes of Forest Hill, where also rests Daniel DeMotte and several of his children.

One of the earliest subscribers to the funds that made Indiana Asbury possible was my grandfather Walker, who was the owner of several scholarships that were supposed to entitle

the holder to nominate in perpetuity some person who could, through such nomination, attend the college without the payment of tuition or matriculation fees. I have often wondered how those old scholarships came to lapse, and whatever became of them.

Here, to Greencastle, my father came during the years of the Civil War, being himself a boy too young and too frail for service, which had, however, taken his older brother out of the college into the army. Here he met and married the daughter of Colonel Morrison and Amanda DeMotte. My mother, by the way, was one of the first students in the old seminary that stood on the present site of College Avenue Church, which gave its name to Seminary Street. That was before co-education, but was largely instrumental in bringing it about.

To old Indiana Asbury, in those days and since, came my uncles and aunts, and other relatives by the score, the DeMottes, the Morrisons and the Walkers. Their names are written all through the old catalogues and their records in the history of Greencastle and the world.

It was, therefore, perfectly natural, with such an heredity, that I should as soon as possible have come here to follow in the footsteps

of my ancestors. I entered Junior Prep, and except for a year off, when father returned from his missionary work in China for a vacation, plodded regularly through until my name was added to the growing roll of alumni.

With such a family record behind me, it was no more than living up to the family tradition that I should have found here, in the person of a classmate, she who has been by my side ever since, encouraging me to success by her faith in me and by her understanding of the background against which my life has been set. And here we have sent our two sons; here they have both graduated; but, whether Fate in their case shall keep up the family tradition and record, remains in the lap of Fate, though I may at least be permitted to say that I have hopes!

A number of our friends have expressed more or less surprise that, living as we have for so many years in New York, with so many great institutions of learning to which you in this part of the country send your sons, if possible, that I, living there among them, should have sent my boys back to this Methodist College in Indiana. But if you knew these great educational institutions of the East intimately

and as well as I do, you would not be surprised.

It was a bitter disappointment to my sons when graduating from the Horace Mann High School in New York, and when they were being eagerly bid, on account of their athletic prowess, to attend Yale, and Princeton, and Cornell, and Columbia, to which most of their associates were going for their college educations, to have to reply to all inquiries that they were going West to attend DePauw University, a college of which none of their associates had ever heard. But I asked the boys to believe that I would not ask them to separate themselves from the associates of their high school days, and come a thousand miles from home out here for their college education, if I were not absolutely certain that it was the best thing for them. They have both finished their courses here now, and they are both ready to add their word to mine that it was the best thing that ever happened to them.

I remember how my older son, Merle, returned home for Christmas after his first three months here, had scarcely gotten into the house when he sought me out and said: "Dad, I know now why you insisted on my going out to DePauw. The boys out there all have so

much brighter eyes than the boys here. They all know what they are going to college for; but my Horace Mann friends were none of them going to college for any reason except that their fathers were sending them." He was particularly impressed by the fact that one of the men in his class was so eager for an education that he worked several hours of every day unloading coal from a freight car down at Harris' Mill to make the money to pay his way here at college. He also noticed of his own accord the extraordinary difference in scholastic standards.

You may be surprised to know that these great educational institutions of the East, of which you in the West think so much, only require for passing a grade of fifty. In Princeton they have an even more extraordinary system than that, where the passing grade is fifty per cent. of the mark made by the best man in the class, who rarely averages much over eighty, so that scholarship or attention to studies is one of the least things necessary for a young man to get through one of the large Eastern universities. Horace Mann is so near Columbia University that the boys had plenty of opportunity to see what the Columbia spirit

was. A spirit, described to me by a prominent alumnus of Columbia as a spirit of "Oh, what's the use!" While the old president of Harvard accurately described that university's attitude toward scholarship by saying that students were graded A B C and D—that D was failure and the gentleman's grade was C.

My many years of business in New York have brought me into close and intimate contact with hundreds of men who got what education they have from these so-called great Eastern universities, and I shocked one of them very much by telling him one day, when he complained that I had shown him and his proposition scant consideration, that I had taken the pains to inform myself that he was educated at Harvard, and that, having learned that fact, I gave no further thought either to him or to what he had to propose. I could have made a similar reply to almost every man I have met who claims allegiance to one of the so-called great Eastern universities, but whenever I run across a graduate of some small college in Ohio, Indiana or Illinois I always look out!

It was because I wanted my sons to escape the dillettantism of the Eastern school; be-

cause I wanted them to get their education in a country where things are still worth while, and where there are still young men who know that an education is worth working for, that I sent them out here. I wanted them to graduate from a college where scholastic standards were still high and where you might reasonably expect that a man would know something about the subjects that he had studied, and would have some capacity to think before he would be graduated.

But there was another and a greater reason for sending my sons from New York to the Middle West. Although born in Indiana, they have both of them grown up in New York City, and had more or less unconsciously absorbed the atmosphere of internationalism, which tends so much to rob a man of individuality; and as it seemed probable that most of their business lives would be spent in New York, I wanted them during the impressionable years, while they were getting their college educations, to come out here, live with the boys that come from American farms, from communities and towns that are still American in population and spirit, and that know something of American institutions, feeling that if

they came out here and lived in Indiana for the four years of their college life, they would imbibe a spirit of Americanism that would make them immune to the international influences created by our enormous foreign population in the East. That out here they would come to know and see the reason why our country is what it is, and that, returning to New York, they would continually challenge the influences that are menacing, not only our American ideals, but the very existence of our country. That out here they would meet and come to know the young men who are to save America, if it is to be saved. For if you lived where I have lived for the last twenty years you would realize that the Mississippi Valley is the abiding place of true Americanism, and that unless the great centers of population in the East are rescued and Americanized soon, you here will be compelled to recognize them as truly the enemies' country.

But there was and is a finer and better reason, supreme above all others, a reason which most men would hesitate to give, even if they recognized it; but in my case I have recognized it and declared myself on the subject years before this great war broke out, and I can hardly

state the reason better than by giving you a brief account of how I came to declare myself on this matter.

I have for a number of years been invited to address the students of first one and then another of our Eastern colleges and universities, and by my visits to the different schools and my association with members of the faculty and the students themselves I have become impressed with the remarkable degree to which Germanic ideals of education had invaded the colleges and universities of the East, and the number of men in their faculties who had secured more or less of their education in German universities, and who had on that account assumed toward their American associates an attitude of arrogance and domination typically Teutonic! A number of professors had called my attention to this fact and had told me instance after instance of the conflicts between German ideals and American ideals, in faculty meetings, in the adoption of lecture systems, in the outlining of courses, and in matters of college discipline. I particularly remember an occasion in March, 1906, when I lectured at Cornell University, at Ithaca, New York, and of what was told me on this subject by Dr.

Frank Fetter, a graduate of Indiana Univercity, whom you will remember as the man whom I selected to deliver the first course of Horizon Lectures here.

The result of all this was that in 1907 I took my two sons on a trip through Europe, which was taken particularly for their educational benefit, as they had reached that point in their high school work where they were beginning to study Latin and Greek.

Landing in London, I hurried with them to Italy to begin their education there. We travelled through Italy, spent much time in Rome and Naples, studying the antiquities and visiting two or three Italian universities. We went across to Greece and looked into the University of Athens. Then to Asia Minor and Constantinople, and came back through Bulgaria and Servia, stopping some time in Vienna, where we investigated the University of Vienna. We went to Switzerland, to Zurich, to Geneva, to Germany; stopping at Heidelberg, Frankfort, Leipsic, Berlin, and other places. We went through Holland, Belgium and France, and looked over the University of Paris. We went to England, and spent much time at Cambridge and Durham and Edinburgh, and then, most

of all, at Oxford. Everywhere we went I called the attention of the boys to the peculiar differences in the ideals of the various races and nations, and how it affected their attitude toward education. I called their attention to the ways that the different nations had of doing things; to their different standards of living; to the wage scales that prevailed, and the difference between the wage scales that prevailed even among countries so close together as those of Europe; and everywhere contrasted them with the wage scales and the standards of living in America, and explained to them the economic significance of these things. I called their attention particularly to the physical geography of Europe as we travelled through the country, and showed them how natural boundaries of rivers and mountain ranges had prevailed to keep alive the separate national habits, national languages, national styles of dress and standards of living, and national ideals within such narrow limits.

Returning to America in the Fall, one of the first functions that I attended was a dinner of college men, and while waiting for the doors of the banquet room to open, I engaged in a conversation with one of my friends. describ-

ing to him my trip of the Summer, and particularly my visits to the different universities in Europe and Britain, and summarized the educational ideals of the different countries substantially as follows:

In England, I said, education is the necessary livery of the gentleman, and so he seeks it and wears it like a gentleman.

In France, men go to medical schools and law schools and other special schools whose purpose is to fit them for some one or other of the so-called learned professions; but that no Frenchman ever seemed to think that a college education, with its groundwork of fundamentals, was ever necessary, or even desirable; that education in France was, therefore, purely professional.

In Italy, education remained as it had always been—monastic, the trimming of the professional churchman, and that unless one intended to be a priest or belonged to the nobility, and expected to enter the service of the state, it was impossible to understand why one should desire an education.

In Austria, education was regarded as one of the things necessary to the aristocrat, to separate him still farther from the people whom he

held in subjection and service.

But in Germany education was sought purely as a means of raising one's status or increasing one's earning power; that the only reason that a German went to a university was the possibility of raising himself above a number of his fellow countrymen, upon whom he could thereafter look down, or of adding a mark a day to his earning power.

Standing near and listening to our conversation was a man who at one time had been president of a college, and at this point he leaned over and interrupted me, saying: "At least you will have to admit that we have to go to Germany for our culture." "Culture," I said. "If there is one country in the world where the meaning of the word is not known, it is Germany."

At that moment the doors of the banquet hall opened and we all filed in to eat, but the man to whom I had been talking happened to be the toastmaster of the occasion, and after the food had been safely put away he told the assembly of what I had said to him on the subject of education in Europe and of the interruption of the ex-college president, and said that it seemed to him that a most profitable time would be had

by all if the ex-college president and myself were invited to continue the debate that had been interrupted by the opening of the doors.

I shall not attempt to go over the points of that debate in full, but will give you briefly my summary, which was that German education was essentially utilitarian and selfish; that it had no other purpose than to make the one educated a more valuable servant of or a more efficient worker for the state, and that, in order to accomplish this result, the methods were purposely dehumanizing. That nowhere else in the world but Germany did men talk of freedom, and yet never dream of raising a finger to secure liberty for themselves. That nowhere else but in Germany were religious and moral ideals analyzed and defined, and religious and moral truths stated with exactness by men who had not the slightest conviction that any of these religious or moral truths should influence or govern their own conduct. That nowhere else but in Germany did students of politics and economics determine facts and write tomes of figures and statistics that proved certain political and economic principles to be true, and yet in their own country repudiate in toto the conclusions imperatively drawn from the

facts and statistics that they had accumulated. That nowhere else but in Germany did men talk of political liberty and resign themselves to military slavery, or profess high ideals and live the life of beasts, or profess religion and high ethical principles while wallowing in dissipation, vice and depravity! That the German was the only man whom I had known who could see no reason why the acceptance of a principle should imply any obligation on his part to observe it, or who would lay down moral doctrines without the slightest feeling that he should respect them.

We have been told by one high in authority that in these times we should be neutral in thought as well as speech, but I have never been neutral either in speech or in thought, and I know that many of you who have for months been restraining yourselves will thank me now for my frank utterances. Why should we refrain from telling that which we know to be true? Is any good to come to us or to our country by pretending to ourselves as well as to the world that we do not recognize the hideousness of this thing that has challenged the world? My acquaintance with this Germanic thing began when I was a boy in China. The

cellar of our home in the Mission Compound at Tientsin was a station in the underground railway that enabled deserting German sailors to escape from the brutality of their officers in inculcating that kind of culture for which my college friend claimed we had to go to Germany.

Culture, I said, was absolutely unknown in Germany. It was not even known in our great American universities that had come under the German influence and the Germanic ideals of education! That only in America, and only in the small colleges of America was the true meaning of culture really understood. That only in the small colleges of America did men and women seek education for the purpose of using their equipment in the service of humanity; that only in America was the obligation of educated men and women to their fellows acknowledged. That if "culture" meant, as I believed it did, the education of mind to enable it to recognize truth, and to follow it, the cultivation of soul that one might be responsive to the needs of his fellow-man, the kindliness of heart that goes with the realization that educated minds and cultivated souls should be used for the assistance of those not

so fortunate in educational opportunities and in psychological development; that it was only in America that culture was truly understood. That it was only in the small colleges of America where education has that humanity that makes it responsive to the needs of the mass of the uneducated.

Culture is not skill in execution or grace and ease in performance, but that knowledge of human accomplishment and human relationship which produces gentleness of spirit and consideration for others, whatever their station or condition. It is only in America that educated men and women feel and recognize the duty of placing their education and their ability at the disposal of and in the service of their fellow-men; that they acknowledge the obligation of leadership.

Such an attitude on the part of an educated man in Europe, either toward education or his abilities gained through education, would be impossible to conceive.

It was because I knew how much the educational institutions of the East have adopted and made their own the Germanic attitude toward education, and the use to be made thereof by the man who gains it, that I sent

my boys out here to DePauw.

It was because I wanted them to escape the English attitude toward education—that of a gentleman acquiring it for his own personal luxury—that I sent them out here to mingle with the sons of the Middle West.

Because I knew that, while French education might make a good doctor, or a good lawyer, or a good priest, it rarely if every produced a well-rounded man.

It was, if you please, because I wanted them to be Americans, to want to get the best education possible, and then to recognize their obligation and their duty to use their abilities and their education for the benefit of their country and for their fellow-men.

I wanted them to absorb here a thing which it is impossible for one to get in the Eastern university—that is, the American attitude toward work. To mingle with and know the character of boys who worked, to appreciate the dignity and responsibility of labor, and to learn to be ashamed of doing nothing and of failing to make good.

It has been with astonishment and regret that I have seen DePauw men and women of my time passing over the merits of DePauw

in their ignorance, and sending their children down East, pretending to themselves that they were giving their children advantages that they had not had themselves, but really ruining the lives and futures of their children by sending them East to become snobs, if nothing worse, or to acquire such an attitude toward doing anything in the world that it is doubtful if they will ever be able to make a real effort in the future, even if they should feel moved so to do.

These are times that require the habit of searching for the truth, and that require unusual skill in detecting sophistry and recognizing what facts really prove; and, above all, these are times that require mental integrity and moral courage.

Those of us who got our education here at DePauw are fortunate. Many of you are more fortunate than you know. Those of you who are still students here are fortunate, for here more than any other college that I know, and I have looked into many, will you get that kind of an education that will best stand you in stead in the trying days of the future.

And to you older DePauw men and women, who are thinking of sending your children

down East, in the hope that they will there gain a culture or finish that may raise their social status in your home towns or cities, I warn you that when your sons and daughters come back from the East, the young people of your home towns may ape their habits, copy their clothes and dress, and imitate their slang vocabulary, but it is most unlikely that they will contribute any industrial, political or moral impulse for the economic development or social benefit of their community.

It will be better for you to reconsider your decision before it is too late, and send them here, where stress is laid not upon the amount of money that they can spend while in college, but upon the character which they are able to develop and impress upon their fellow students. Their prospect of leading lives satisfactory to themselves and to you, and of benefit to their fellow-men and to their country, will be far greater if you give them their education out here in one of these small Western colleges, where straight thinking is still taught, where American ideals still prevail, and where true culture is in the air, than you will ever do by sending them during their formative years to one of those Germanized, internationalized, big universities down East.

Not Too Proud To Fight

BY

GUY MORRISON WALKER

Not Too Proud To Fight

An Address delivered by GUY MORRISON WALKER at the Indiana State Banquet of Phi Kappa Psi, Thanksgiving Eve., Nov. 29, 1916.

GOVERNOR GOODRICH: "I am going to call on one who has come a thousand miles to be with us on this occasion. He left Indiana nearly twenty years ago and has made a success in a faraway state. He has not been with us for several years and it is seldom that anyone comes so far to be with us. I am sure you will all be glad to hear from GUY WALKER."

Mr. Walker: "It is true that a thousand miles is a long way to come to spend a few hours with old friends, and it is also true that I have not attended one of these annual banquets for a number of years, and since Jim Goodrich told me five minutes ago that he was going to call on me for some remarks, it oc-

curred to me that it was not likely that I should again come a thousand miles to be with you on a similar occasion, and if, as it seems possible, this may be the last time I shall ever have an opportunity of speaking to you, why should I waste the opportunity in common-place compliments or attempts to amuse you when I have no skill as an entertainer? Far better that I should speak to you as man to man and try to tell you something that each one of you will remember to your dying day.

I did not expect to speak to you and did not ask for the opportunity, but since Governor Goodrich has called upon me I have determined to tell you a few things that lie heavily on my mind.

The Chinese have a beautiful symbol that expresses my position. Their ideograph for the human heart is the beautiful Lotus Bud which so much resembles it in shape and color. Having drawn the Lotus Bud as a symbol of the human heart, they draw a heavy bar across it, which means that one has something in his

heart. This is translated as MUST or NECESSITY; that is, that inward compulsion or necessity which forces one to speak or to act. It is that compulsion that moves me now. I feel that I must on this occasion, probably the last at which I shall ever speak to you, speak to you of those things that seem to me to be true, and which I have feared were being lost sight of by our people, and particularly by our college men who ought to have been more careful to hold fast to those judgments, supported by sound morals and just economics and arrived at by straight thinking.

I do not ask you to accept what I say, but I ask you to hear me in spite of your prejudices and your predispositions, and remember that I have not had the time to consider my words or to choose those which might least offend your sensibilities or more exactly state my own meaning.

We have recently had an election, which here in Indiana has resulted in the election of two of my old college mates to the most prominent

positions in the gift of the people of the State, and I came here from a thousand miles away in order to be with you tonight to do honor to Jim Goodrich, just elected Governor of the State, and Jim Watson, whom you have elected to the United States Senate,

Now these two men have reached their present positions through some more or less extraordinary vicissitudes that have not been experienced by others. I remember very well the growing inflammation of Jim Goodrich's eyes while he was in college, and I remember well his disappointment and despair when he was told that in order to save his sight it would be absolutely necessary for him to discontinue his effort to secure a college education. Jim Goodrich was compelled to quit college in his sophomore year on account of ill-health and an inflammation in his eyes that threatened his sight. Many another man would have returned to the farm and given up his effort at an education, but not so with Jim Goodrich! He was not too proud to fight against physical weakness, sick-

ness and discouragement, and although he never returned to complete his college education he continued his studies, attaining the culture of the educated man, the success in business and banking that induced his fellow citizens to entrust the political future of the State of Indiana to his care and he is now the Governor of the State, not because he was too proud to fight, but because he was too proud to quit!

I was with Jim Watson on the night when he hurriedly separated himself from the college community. I was the messenger sent to arrange his last tryst. Too many young college men falling foul of college authorities have felt that their futures were so blasted and beclouded that there would be little use in attempting to recover their self-esteem, much less the esteem of their fellowmen. If Jim Watson had been too proud to fight, his career would have ended with that college escapade, but Jim was made of other stuff, and realizing his mistake, he made frank confession and asked the people to give him a chance and he would show

them that he would never again be guilty of another such folly, and he never has. But I am sure that none of you can ever know how the memory of it has haunted him, how the recollection of it has humiliated him, or the courage and dogged perseverance that it has taken for him to outlive the jeers and sneers of those who are always ready to taunt a man with his youthful errors and who refuse to believe that years of public service with credit and without reproach can ever wipe out the record of a youthful mis-step. But Jim has proved his quality! For thirty years his life has been an open book. He has won the trust and confidence of the people of the whole State, has been honored by them with frequent election, and once or twice been defeated lest he forget, until now he has been elected to represent them in the greatest deliberative body on earth—The Senate of the United States!

Jim Watson has not come through the years of his life to his present position of honor and eminence because he was too proud to fight!

I have come a thousand miles to be with you tonight to exalt the spirit of these two men, because I know the obstacles and difficulties over which they have reached their present positions. And because I would have you know that it is this spirit of struggle to do something, perchance doing something wrong, but if doing it wrong, struggling again to recover from the mistake, and to do it right next time, that is the spirit of all accomplishment. I have been distressed more than I can tell you by a spirit of intellectual dilettantism among the younger college men of this day, which I fear bodes ill for the future of this Republic. Unfortunately there are those in high places who affect this spirit themselves and who by their attitude give countenance and color of virtue to this intellectual debility and moral lassitude exhibited by our young men!

My attention was called to this attitude among the younger college men by what occurred at a recent dinner of the Allegheny College graduates in New York, to which I was

invited as a guest. One of the younger Alumni from Allegheny College, speaking at the banquet, with a sneer declared that: "He for one was disgusted with the assumption of the possession of moral ideals by the older alumni; that he knew that he was speaking for the most of the younger alumni, when he said that they did not come out to the Alumni Banquets because they were tired of being preached at by the older alumni." And, turning to one of the older Alumni, who in speaking had expressed regret that the United States had not intervened in Mexico, he said: "You are too old to go to war and so your attitude toward Mexico and to the war in Europe is a safe one for you, but we younger men refuse to recognize any responsibility except for ourselves. Why should we risk our lives, he said, to save the property of Americans who went voluntarily into Mexico to plunder the poor Mexicans, and you doubtless think that the United States ought to intervene in the war in Europe and that we younger men should be sent over there to save the French and Belgians, but we young

men DO NOT. We deny that there is any responsibility on us for conditions in Europe." Then he astonished us all by saying, "I will venture to say that I am the only one here who supported President Wilson and voted for him in the last election."

The young man who made these remarks, a graduate of Allegheny College of 1912, holds a responsible position in the Police Department in the City of New York. I confess that I was surprised. I was shocked not only by the moral blindness of the young man himself but by the fact that he claimed to speak for the young college men of his generation in repudiating any interest in or moral responsibility for the conditions that exist in the world today, and his claim that he was morally justified in being interested only in his own material welfare.

This is an astonishing doctrine to some of us who learned our moral philosophy thirty or forty years ago, and when I was called upon as a guest to speak, I told them of Burton Wilson, a member of our own organization, a graduate

of Nebraska University of 1897, of Columbia Law School in 1900; of how I had assisted him soon after his getting out of the Law School to get a position that led to his being sent to Mexico City to represent important American manufacturing interests that were furnishing the electrical equipment and material for the reconstruction of the City Railways of Mexico City. How Burt had attended to the business so well that he had in ten years become the leading American lawyer in Mexico, a director of and the attorney for the American Bank in Mexico City, the President of the American University Club, and when the revolution broke out, the Chairman of the International Protective Committee that had been organized to protect the interests of all foreigners in Mexico. I told of how Burt had travelled from Mexico City to Washington immediately after the inauguration of President Wilson to lay the situation before him; of the assurances that he had received from the then Secretary of State; of his return to Mexico and of his again going back to Washington to report to the President

the increasing audacity of Mexican attacks on American property which had been seized and confiscated; and how the Mexicans finding that no punishment had followed and that no reparation had been exacted, had attacked American men, and then finding that neither punitive expedition had followed nor reparation demanded, had not only murdered American men and confiscated their property, but had outraged and murdered; and what was worse, outraged and left alive, American women; and how Burt Wilson had taken the pains to secure in Mexico full affidavits covering the proof of these things and had forwarded them to the State Department that they might be supplied with evidence of the facts on which to base their demands for the protection of American lives. And how coming to New York, Burt had told some newspaper friends to call at the State Department and peruse the affidavits for their own information, but when they called at the State Department for the affidavits they were told that no such affidavits were on file in the State Department and that the State Department had no information of the alleged outrages and murders! I

told them how Burt Wilson returned to Mexico City and was seized by Carranza and kept incommunicado, and how word coming to some of us here, we had telegraphed and stormed the State Department until we secured his release."

A voice interrupted: "Mr. Chairman, I object. The Brother is making a political speech!"

Mr. Walker continued: "I never expected to see the time when Phi Psis would refuse to listen to the wrongs of a Brother."

Chairman: "Proceed."

"Burt Wilson was taken under guard from a prison in Mexico City, put on the train, taken down to Vera Cruz and there put on board the battleship Nebraska at anchor in the Harbor. From there he was transferred to the first transport sailing to New Orleans, and coming to New York, robbed of everything he had in the world, his office seized, I took him into my office because he had nowhere else to go.

And this because an Administration is in power at Washington that refuses to take any

responsibility for the safety of the property or persons of American citizens, who go outside of their country, and in its refusal to accept moral responsibility for the protection of Americans, it is supported by a large part not only of our whole population but by an element of our educated population. Is our responsibility fulfilled by waiting watchfully while American men are being murdered and American women ravished?"

A voice, "The Mexican question was settled in the last election."

Walker continued: "When you have grown a little older you will realize that a question is never settled until it is settled right! And that when you attempt to excuse inaction and to deny moral responsibility under the pretense of watchful waiting, you are simply letting the fire spread, which, like the prairie fire when beyond control, will burn in a flame so great as to consume the waiters. What would have happened to this country in 1861 if when the flag was fired upon, the President had idled

away the months in watchful waiting while the slave states prepared for war? Where would this Republic of ours be now, if Lincoln had been TOO PROUD TO FIGHT? And how many millions might yet have been slaves if he HAD KEPT US OUT OF WAR? When the great moral issue of slavery was presented, the men of Indiana did not refuse to recognize their responsibility, and they certainly were not too proud to fight. The men of the North rallied from every farm and village north of the Ohio River to save the Union and to stamp out slavery. Not in response to a call of a leader who claimed that by watchful waiting he had kept them out of war and that he proposed to keep on doing so, but in response to the call of a Lincoln who stated the moral issue for them and who summoned them to risk their lives for the Cause, so that 'Government of the people, by the people, and for the people might not perish from the earth.' And the men of these States to the number of hundreds of thousands replied, 'We're coming Father Abraham.' Where would our Union be today—our

forty-eight States of which we are so proud—if in 1861 the men of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois had been TOO PROUD TO FIGHT?

On the fields of France another great moral issue is being tried. Absolutism has challenged the Reign of Reason. Imperialism refuses to permit its whims or desires to be judged by any ethical standards. Militarism is practicing terrorism, and slaughtering millions in an effort to force thinking men to submit to the yoke of its slavery. But in Washington a Government that claims to represent our nation, founded on the principle that that Government is best which governs least, professes to see no issue and denies responsibility for the outcome. An Administration which professes to stand for the American ideal of responsible government and of the Right of Reason to Rule, calls on our people to be neutral in thought as well as in deed. Neutral? How can we, the greatest exponent of Anti-Militarism, stand neutral and refuse to see the blood of butchered Belgium or to hear the cries of devastated France, while

the greatest exponent of militarism—of the Germanic doctrine that *Might Makes Right*—blots out from the map of Europe its greatest Republic and enslaves the most liberal and advanced people on the Continent?

Can we ever look the world in the face again if we deny responsibility for permitting the massacre of France—France who helped us win our freedom? Can we ever again ask the world to accept our moral leadership if we refuse to take the lead in demanding redress for the wrongs of outraged Belgium? He kept us out of war!!! How can we stay out of the war? The challenge of the German Empire is aimed directly at us!

The growth of American ideals in Europe, the growing clamor of Continental peoples for a share in Government, and the rising protest against the burden of militarism had reached a point that compelled Autocracy to challenge the right of the masses to repudiate the leadership of those who claim to rule by divine right, and to stem, if possible, the rising tide of in-

tellectual freedom that threatens to engulf and destroy all remaining Emperors and Kings and Nobility and Military Autocrats.

The challenge is aimed directly at us for we are the chief exponents in the World, of the ideals which the Germanic Emperors are now attempting to destroy, and if they have attacked France first and Belgium, and England, who in her democracy is freer than we are ourselves, it is because German military autocracy and junkerism can only reach us across the bodies of France and Britain.

For men of educated minds and responsive hearts and sensitive souls to refuse to recognize responsibility in this the greatest moral issue in the history of the world is not only moral cowardice but intellectual treason. Men do not educate their minds, cultivate their souls and exercise their hearts for the purpose of sulking in inaction or to hide their lack of courage and want of initiative behind such shibboleths as "Too Proud to Fight" or "He Kept Us Out of War."

A voice: "Mr. Chairman, the speaker is out of order."

Another voice: "If there are any of you who are not too proud to fight, I can lick the whole bunch of you."

Mr. Walker continuing: "Since I have been here, some have been trying to tell me that the people of these Middle Western States are entirely satisfied with the attitude of the Administration at Washington, that they knew no one who was lost on the Lusitania, that they are unable to see that any moral issue is involved in the struggle that is now going on in Europe, that they have grown rich and prosperous in supplying the needs of the struggling Allies, who have been fighting our battle for us. That the farmers are satisfied because they have never received such prices for their products before and that the poorest laborer can command five dollars a day.

I am told that while the people of these States sympathize with Belgium, they really desire to be kept out of war and to continue

to profit from the necessities of France, Italy, Belgium, England and Russia, but I refuse to believe it.

I refuse to believe that the men of my native State, the sons of the men who left their farms and unfinished work to save the Union and destroy slavery, can be bribed by prosperity and high wages to stay out of a war that they must recognize is their war even before it is France's or Belgium's or England's.

It is with shame that I admit that a considerable part of the Electorate of this country seem actually to accept the counsel of irresponsibility, of cowardice and of inaction, but thank God, my adopted State of New York, closer to the struggle and with a keener sense of the moral issues involved, repudiated with a majority of over two hundred and fifty thousand the pusillanimous proposal.

This Western country may have seemed less sensitive to the moral issues involved in the struggle, and more ready to accept the counsels of caution and cowardice and covetousness, but

I refuse to believe that you were bribed by increases in wages and higher prices for the goods you have to sell.

It was all a mistake. You had not taken time to think it out. Already I see signs that the West is ashamed of itself. You are not too proud to fight. You are beginning to realize that it is our war and you will not shirk your responsibility. The people are looking for leaders, for men true to their intellectual ideals, men of mental integrity and moral courage. If our educated men fail the people in this crisis, what hope can we have for the future?

It is exactly for such times as these that you college men have educated your minds, opened your hearts and cultivated your souls. The time calls for action and duty calls you to leadership.

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